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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

SEPTEMBER 1922

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

THE TIGER-SNAKE



IN England the snow was drifting steadily down like feathers blown from a white swan's breast, and the air was so bitter cold that those who had not very thick clothes on shivered as they walked along country roads or in the streets of great towns, where all the shop windows showed that Christmas was very near.

But in Australia on this Christmas Eve things were very different. Here there was not even a baby cloud the size of a snowflake in the dazzling blue sky. All the grass in the paddocks was dried up and brown. The trunks of the tall pines and gum trees were hot to the touch, and in the great heat their bark smelt like burning incense. On the zinc roof of a little log hut that stood on the edge of a part of the great Australian bush the sun was beating most fiercely of all. It would have made you wink to look at it, and blistered your hand to touch it.

On an upturned empty box under an old gum tree near the little hut sat two little boys. So brown were the bare legs, the faces, and the hands of those boys of six and ten that you might have taken them for Indians, but for their gray eyes and thick patches of yellow hair. The bigger one was very busily and silently engaged in making a whip out of a broken sapling and an old piece of string. The younger admiringly watched him. But ever and again the eyes of both boys would look towards the hut, and ever and again from the half-open door of the hut

would come a sound of husky coughing or of a low moan. When a moan louder than those that went before struck their ears, the smaller boy looked at his brother in fear. "Syd," he said in a low voice, "mother isn't going to die, is she?"

"Course she's not, you silly kid!" said Syd scornfully. But there was fear in his eyes as well as in those of his little brother.

"I don't know what Dad was doing to go and get his leg broken so far from home," said the smaller one.



"He's all right in hospital," said Syd; "and horses are horses, an' you never know your luck. If mother was in hospital she'd be right as rain. You can take that from me, Billy."

"Ruby's an awful good nurse, but she's young," said Billy. And as though she had heard her name, the door of the hut swung open and Nurse Ruby appeared.

Ruby was only two years older than Syd, and very little taller; but a serious nurse of forty could not have had a more troubled, anxious face than that sun-tanned, yellow-haired little girl in very short skirts, and with a very long sack worn as apron.

She beckoned from the doorway, and her brothers darted towards her.

"She's awful bad," she whispered. "I think it must be the same thing as old Jakes died of. 'Pneumonia' they called it. I can't get her cool anyhow, and she breathes like a kettle boiling, and says it hurts when she coughs."

"Beastly hot inside," said Syd.

"It's not that," said Ruby. "She's got fever, and she's sort of light-headed. Syd, do you think you could ever find your way to the township and get Dr. Williams to come and see her?"

"Course I could," said Syd. "Do it on my head. Ten miles at most it is."

And Billy's voice chimed in: "Oh, Syd, Syd, *do* let me come too!"

"*You!*" said his brother scornfully. "*You!* Why, a little nipper of your size would be done before you were half-way there."

But Ruby met Billy's beseeching look, and gazed at him thoughtfully.

"Syd," she said, "it isn't ten miles, and I believe I'd feel safer if the two of you were to go. Bill's young, but he's sensible; and if two of you go, *one* of you is pretty sure to get there."

"Right-o!" Syd said. "Old Bill can hump me on his back when my legs give out. Come on, kid!"

Syd had called it ten miles, and although it was not that, it was a good seven. Their bare feet padded bravely along in the hot dust, but many a time Syd wished that their Dad had not taken his good old chestnut, Nugget, away with him.

"'Twould be nothin' at all on Nugget," he said to Billy. "I rode him once, along with Dad, and we got there in two shakes."

But Billy made no complaint. No matter how hot and tired he was, nor how much his little legs ached, he felt he must go on without a murmur.

It was a very tired and dusty little pair that reached the township late that afternoon and gladly stopped at the gate with the brass plate on it.

"If the doctor's in, he'll give us a lift back in his buggy," Syd had said many times on the way. But the doctor was out—had been out since early morning; and all that his housekeeper could promise was that he would certainly go to see the boys' mother as soon as possible after his return. It did not occur to her that the messengers were tired and hungry. She gave her promise, made a note of name and address, and shut the door on them.

They felt rather flat and sad as they wandered down the cobbled pavement of the little township, but the shop windows had a very cheering effect. Shops were very rare things to them, and the baker's, the saddler's, the general store, the sweet shop, all were full of wonders and delights.

Suddenly Syd gave a squeal of delight. "I tell you! *I've got it!*" he said excitedly. "You remember that time Dad took me with him to the Show, and on the way we went to see the boss of a vineyard about the bay mare?"

Billy nodded.

"And," continued Syd, "there were miles and miles and *miles* of vines, and grapes enough to feed a township; and the boss let me take what I wanted, and said, 'Next time you are in these parts, come

and get some grapes.' And I brought some home for you and Ruby."

"Yes, *yes!*" said Billy.

"Well, it's on the way back, just across some paddocks, and we'll go and see if he'll give us some grapes; and you bet he will, for Dad says he's a real white man, *he is.*"

So joyful a prospect put new life into both of them. They lost not another minute, but turned their backs on the shops and sturdily set off for Murrabonga vineyard.

They had walked fully two miles when Syd struck off the highroad and cut across a large paddock.

"I'm not easily bushed," he boasted. "This is a short cut."

But Billy, toiling behind him across one paddock after another, wondered what Syd's long cuts were like. He was very near tears when Syd gave a joyous shout.

"You see those white roofs in among the pines?" he said. "That's Murrabonga! See those queer things growing in the far paddock? These are what the grapes grow on! Come on, Bill!"

Both of them forced a run; but on Billy's part it was a very lame effort, and it took him all his time not to begin to sob when he stubbed his toes on a hard thing that hurt most painfully. He stopped to rub the injured foot and to look for the stone that he had run against.

"Oh, Syd!" he called, "it isn't a stone! It's awful lucky, *isn't it?* It's a horse-shoe!"

Syd gave a contemptuous glance. "Don't you go lumbering yourself up with old iron," he said. "Chuck it away; it's just a shoe one of the dray horses has cast. You can't hoick that about if you're going to carry home grapes."

But Billy was obstinate. "It's lucky," he said. "I ain't going to chuck it away."

"Silly kid," said Syd. At that moment there came from a clump of scrub a shrill little squeal of "*Cooee-coooeee.*" A flock of sulphur-crested cockatoos rose from the gum tree and flew excitedly away, and from out of the scrub there appeared what at first sight might have been one of those birds, rather larger than the others. The boys stood still and stared in amazement as a little white figure came trotting towards them. As it came nearer they saw it was a little girl of four. Her white frock was torn, her sun-bonnet hung down her back, and her golden hair was tousled.

The boys waited for her to come up, and she addressed them without shyness.

"I cooeed," she said. "Didn't oo hear me cooe?"

She spoke with much distinctness, and fixed them with her big blue eyes.

"Yes," said Syd; "we heard right enough."

"My name is Kitten," she said. "I am lost. I runned away. Take me home."

"Where do you live?" asked Syd.

"I lives wif my Mummy an' Daddy. Take me home."

"I don't know where your home is," said Syd.

"You are a bad kid to run away."

Kitten looked at him with much dignity. "I's not a kid. I's a lickle gel," she said. "I fink oo are a silly lickle boy. I lives in ze house over zere. I like ze licklest boy best." Whereat she took hold

of Billy's grubby hand and beamed upon him. "What is oor name, lickle boy?" she asked.

"Billy," said Billy with some shyness.

"Take me home, Billy," said the Kitten.

"Well," said Syd, "I suspects she comes from Mur-rabonga. Anyhow we'll have to take her there."

They were within a stone's throw of the white roofs when they heard the thud, thud of a horse's hoofs, and a man rode at a great pace down a road that led to the buildings.

"What luck!" exclaimed Syd. "It's the Boss!"

And the Kitten squealed joyously, "Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! I vos lost!"

In "one act," as Syd put it, the Kitten's Daddy was

down from the saddle, with his little girl tight in his arms.

"Oh-h, Daddy!" she squealed. "Put me down! Oo's skeezin' me! Oo'll hert me!"

Her Daddy put her down, and turned to the boys.

"I thought she was bushed," he said, and his voice was rather hoarse, and he looked aside as he spoke.

"We've hunted for her since midday. I'm awfully obliged to you boys."

But the Kitten was too busy with her own special interests to bother much about her Daddy. As he spoke to Syd and Billy, walking beside his horse, and Syd told him who they were and the reason of their coming, she tugged her hand out of his and toddled on ahead. Billy kept an anxious and a

very interested eye on her. He had never seen anything in the least like her before.

"She's a little fairy," he said to himself. "That's what she is."

And even as he said it to himself the fairy gave a squeal of delight.

"Oh-h!" she cried. "Ze *deeah* lickle goldy vurm! It wants to kiss my feet!"

Quickly Billy looked, quickly her Daddy and Syd looked, and as they looked they saw, rearing its head up to strike her fat little leg, the beautiful, vicious head of one of the most fierce enemies of the Australian people. A tiger-snake, with its dress of black and gold, was stretching out its poisonous fangs to slay the little child who was loving its beautiful colour.

The "Boss" rushed forward, his whip upraised. Syd gave a shout of horror and dismay. But in Billy's hand was the horse-shoe he had believed to be so lucky. He did not pause a moment, but hurled it at that wicked, beautiful, murderous thing.

His aim was true. It hit the tiger-snake just where it mattered most, and it fell dead, limp as a bit of string.

It is not easy to write of the things that happened after that. But the little Kitten's father was an English gentleman, and Kitten was almost like his own heart. When Billy and Syd were driven home that evening in a buggy with a spanking pair of greys,

they not only had enough grapes to last them and their mother for a week, but provisions to feed a large family for a fortnight.

Nor was that all. When the doctor had come, and agreed with Ruby that the mother had "peumonia," it was the Kitten's father and mother who saw her not only safely but luxuriously through.

And when the Australians fought for their Mother Country in the Dardanelles, and did such splendid things, there were an officer and a young trooper who were of the finest of those there. And had you asked the officer if he was not very pleased with what he and his men had done, he would have grinned, and asked you, "But have you seen Billy? He has the D.C.M."



OUT OF DOORS IN SEPTEMBER



THE days are beginning to close in now, and there is a cool crispness in the morning air. In the country we hear the hunters' guns and see the men walking about in search of game. The leaves on the trees are turning pale golden or are kindling into red, and the crops are ready for the harvest. In the orchards the fruit is almost ripe, and there are quantities of plums, damsons, apples, and pears to be seen. Sunflowers are making a great show in our gardens, and wherever they appear the busy bee may be found. On ivy-covered walls sparrows plunge among the leaves, seeking the best

plentiful being the hips, the fruit of the wild rose and the haws, the fruit of the hawthorn.

The hips are of a bright red colour; only two or three grow on a stem, and they contain many seeds wrapped in a kind of woolly coat which keeps them warm.

The haws are of a dull red colour, and grow in clusters. They contain a hard stone. Birds are very fond of both these berries.

The elder bushes, too, show clusters of small black berries, which, if not quickly gathered for jam-making, are soon eaten by the birds. The bramble bushes now bear a large number of black and red berries.

Sloes are the fruit of the blackthorn; the bush is very thorny, and the fruit must be gathered with care. The sloes have a rich "bloom" on them, such as one sees on hot-house grapes, but the fruit is very sour, almost bitter.

The plant called "traveller's joy" is in fruit in the autumn, and at this season of the year it is known also as "old man's beard," because each little peppery seed has a soft plume or feather attached to it, which some people think resembles a beard. This enables the plant to send its seeds through the air so

that new plants may spring up where they have not grown before. It climbs up, over, and along the hedge-row by making a little loop in the leaf-stalk, so that the loop catches hold of a branch and pulls itself up by it.

As we wend our way home after a walk, the robin begins to sing its autumn song. Few birds are singing now. Many of our old familiar friends are thousands of miles away, sunning themselves in a foreign land, and we shall not see them again, nor hear their sweet songs, until next spring.



SLOES.



BLACKBERRY.

places for insects. In the wheatfields you may see many sparrows hanging on to the grain. If you go near them, hundreds of them will rise from the corn and make for a tree at a safe distance. As soon as you move away from them, back they go, and soon they are all greedily feeding again. Boys are employed to frighten them away, and in Derbyshire they sing:—

"Away, birds, away;
Take a bit and leave a bit,
And come another day."

They soon strip a head of wheat or oats if left undisturbed.

This is a good time for gathering mushrooms, especially if the weather is showery. The same fields may be visited twice or even three times in the same day, and fresh mushrooms gathered on each visit.

Berries abound in the woods and lanes, the most



TRAVELLER'S JOY IN FRUIT.

GEMS

of Poetry and Prose

Where lies the Land?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake, far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

To Autumn.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

KEATS.

It is good to labour; it is also good to rest from
labour.

HORACE.

To become one with the Good, Generous, and True
is to become in a measure good, generous, and true
ourselves.

DR. ARNOLD.

COME what come may,
Time and the hour run thro' the roughest day.

SHAKESPEARE.

Look not mournfully into the past,
It comes not back again.

Wisely improve the present—
It is thine.

LONGFELLOW.

SMILES



"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



"HOW old is your little brother?" inquired Will.
"He's a year old," replied Tom.

"Huh! I've got a dog a year old, and he can
walk twice as well as your brother."

"That's nothing. Your dog's got twice as many
legs."

+ + +

Not long ago a small boy entered the city library
with a book that his mother wished exchanged.
But, since she had neglected to send a list of books
to choose from, the librarian was somewhat at a loss
to know what book to send. Finally she asked:

"Has your mother read *Freckles*?"

"No, ma'am," replied the boy; "they're brown."

+ + +

MRS. JONES was entertaining some of her son's friends.
"Will," she said, addressing an eight-year-old, who
was enjoying a plate of cold beef, "are you sure you
can cut your own meat?"

The boy, who was making desperate efforts with
his knife and fork, replied, "Yes, thanks. I've had
it as tough as this at home."

+ + +

Nurse.—Why, Bobby, you selfish little boy!
Why didn't you give your sister a piece of your
apple?

Bobby.—I gave her the seeds. She can plant
'em and have a whole orchard.

+ + +

"MUSHROOMS always grow in damp places, don't
they, father?" asked Dolly.

"Yes," said father.

"Is that why they look like umbrellas, father?"

+ + +

THE Japanese are said to be the politest people in all
the world. A young Japanese gentleman in London
was asked by a lady,—

"In your country you compress the women's feet,
do you not?"

"No, madam," said the Japanese; "that is, or
rather was, a Chinese custom. In Japan we allow
our ladies' feet to grow to their full size." And then,
with a bow, he added in the politest possible manner,
"Not that they could ever hope to rival yours,
madam."

Bible Story.

Isaac and Rebekah.

THERE was sadness in the home of Abraham, the great chief, and his son Isaac. Sarah's tent was empty now, and Isaac, her son, went about sorrowfully, for he sorely missed his mother, whom he had loved with all his heart.

Abraham watched his son with anxious eyes. It was not good for him to grieve so sorely. Surely it was time that he should marry and have a wife to bring back happiness to him. He sent his old and trusted servant back to that far-away home he had left so long ago, and told him to bring from there a maiden of his own people, one who would be a fit wife for his only son.

It was a difficult errand on which Abraham had sent his servant. How was he to find out which of all the village maidens was the right wife for Isaac, his beloved master's son? Surely the best thing he could do was to ask God to help him. So, in the gathering twilight, at the side of the well, the old servant knelt and asked God to be graciously kind to him, and to show him by a sign which maiden he should choose. He would ask for a drink, and the one who answered, "Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also," would be the one he sought.

He had not long to wait, for scarcely was his prayer ended when down the path that led from the village came a young girl carrying a pitcher upon her shoulder. The old man watched her keenly. "She is very fair to look upon," he said to himself. He wondered if she would also have a kind heart. Then, after she had filled her pitcher, he determined to try the test, and went forward to meet her.

"Let me, I pray thee, drink a little water of thy pitcher," he said.

Immediately the girl lowered her water-jug from her shoulder and held it towards him.

"Drink, my lord," she said kindly; and as she looked round on the tired beasts kneeling patiently there, she added, "I will draw water for thy camels also, until they have done drinking."

It seemed almost too good to be true. The old man could only stand and look at her in silent wonder as she gave the camels their drink. Then he took from his pack two golden bracelets and a wonderful gold ear-ring, and presented them to her, asking her of her home, and if she thought he could find a lodging in the village.

If he had had any doubts about the sign these vanished now as he listened to her answer. She was

Rebekah, the daughter of his master's own brother, not only one of his race, but one of his own family.

So he followed her as she went on ahead to tell her father of the traveller who was coming, and when he arrived there was a warm welcome awaiting him and everything in readiness for his comfort.

But before the faithful servant would even eat or drink he declared that he must tell them the reason of his coming: how his master Abraham had sent him to seek for a wife for his only son, and how God had shown him by a sign that Rebekah was the maiden of his choice.

The family listened wonderingly. Surely it was plain that they must let their beautiful Rebekah return with the servant to be Isaac's bride, for God had clearly shown that it was His will.

That night there was much feasting and rejoicing, but next morning a little sadness crept in. It was not easy to part with the only daughter of the house. Would it not be possible to wait for a few days? asked her mother wistfully.

"No," said the old servant decidedly, "send me away, that I may return at once."

"We will call Rebekah," said her mother, "and she shall decide."

Rebekah came and answered the question bravely. Yes, she would go. She was ready to start at once on that long journey, ready to trust herself to the faithful servant whom God had sent to fetch her.

She was very young; all unknown and untried the future lay before her. It might be a shining path of happiness, or rough with the stones of difficulty, but it was the path God had chosen for her.

So after many farewells they set out, a long train of swaying camels, to journey to that far-off land where Abraham and his son Isaac dwelt.

It was again evening time as the journey drew to an end. Isaac had wandered out into the fields after his day's work, to be alone with his sorrowful thoughts. He was watching the sun dip down in the west, when far along the winding strip of white road a cloud of dust caught his eye. Travellers must be coming that way. Closer and closer they came, until the camels and their riders could be clearly seen through the dust. Then Isaac saw that it was the faithful servant who had returned; and as they stopped and dismounted, he knew that the silent girl who stood there with veiled face was the wife his father had desired for him.

Quickly the servant told his story, and then Isaac came near and took Rebekah's hand and led her away. There was but one place for this beautiful maiden who had so trustfully left her home to come to him. Straight to his mother's tent he took her.

PEOPLE who live in houses made of stone or brick do not realize what a number of people in different parts of the world spend their lives on the water, and do not know what a home on land is like.



In the country of Ecuador, in South America, the rivers often flood the land, and the people build their houses on piles to keep them above the water. They are made of poles, and the roof is thatched with the leaves of the palm tree. The floor is made of bamboo, and ladders are used to get up to the house.



China has so many millions of people living in

Holland has many canals, and numbers of the people live in the barges which ply on them. There



In this country people spend their holidays frequently in beautiful house-boats on the Thames. They are very well fitted up, and are decorated with flowers in hanging baskets, and some of them are veritable floating palaces. Many of them always remain moored, but others are poled from point to point or else towed from the path by a horse.

Some people want only the best, but the happiest are those who make the best of what they have.—HORWICH.

Sent in by WILLIAM EDWARDS,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.

HOBBIES AND WRINKLES



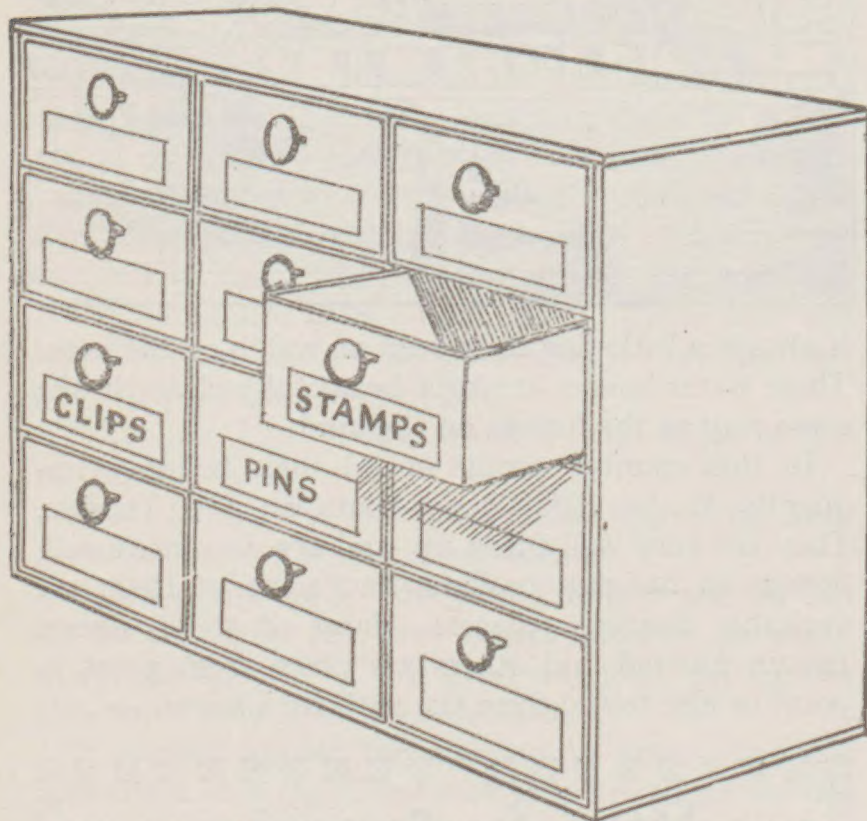
A Match-box Cabinet.

THIS is useful for the storage of small articles, such as stamps, pens, seeds, needles, and a number of other minor things which easily go astray if put in a drawer with larger objects.

Select only those boxes of which the tray moves easily in the case, then stand the cases on end on some flat surface and glue them together. Press the boxes together while the glue is setting.

Now glue the back ends of the cases (from which the trays should be removed) and press them against a piece of thin card. When the glue is dry, apply some more with a small brush to the back angles inside the covers, to ensure a good hold on the backing. Trim off the card to the outline of the pile.

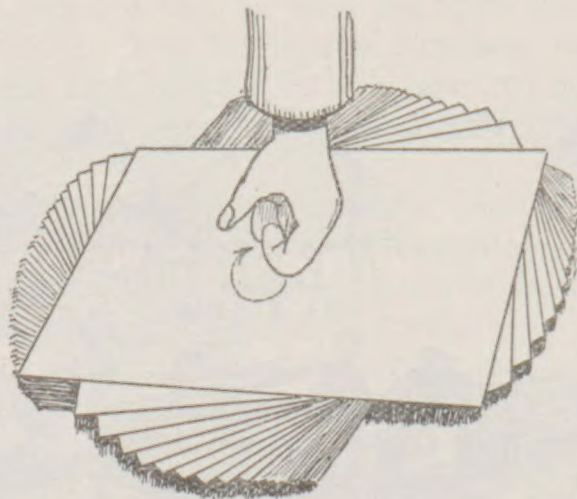
Select for the front of the drawer the end of the tray where the wood is doubled over. Paste outside the end a label indicating what is inside. The life of the trays will be increased if they are neatly lined with thin paper.



For "handles" use boot buttons, or loops of thin brass wire, or brass paper clips. To give the cabinet a neat appearance, you should cover it outside with paper of some neutral tint; and if you wish it to be stable and not upset when a rather sticky drawer is pulled out, glue it down to a solid wooden base of the proper size.

To spread a Pile of Papers.

SOMETIMES it is necessary to arrange a pile of papers so that each one can be picked up separately and quickly—for example, in sending out notices or advertisements by post. The best way of doing this is to arrange them first in a loose pile.



then with the first joint of the first finger to rub the pile, making a circular motion. This will cause the sheets to slip one over the other, each sheet moving a little faster than the one below, till they stand out separately as you see in the illustration. They can then be picked up quite easily, and folded or placed in envelopes as needed.

Quick Counting.

WHEN small articles of exactly similar shape and size have to be counted, such as screws or steel balls, find out how many go to the ounce or pound, and weigh them.

In some cases rough counting may be done by repeatedly filling a measure and finding out the number it will hold.

If you wish to find out quickly what things cost by the dozen, find out the price of one, then call every penny a shilling and every farthing threepence, and you will have the price per dozen at once. Thus, if one reel of cotton costs $3\frac{1}{2}$ d., call each penny a shilling—that is, 3s.; and each farthing 3d.—that is, 6d.—and the cost per dozen is 3s. 6d.

To remove a Dent from Wood.

THE imprint of a hammer on costly wood may be removed in this fashion. Cover the dented spot with methylated spirits, then apply a match to the spirits and let it burn out. Because of the heat the wood will expand and rise sufficiently so that the spot can be planed or sandpapered off.

Bead-threading.

BEAD-THREADING is a pastime which most of you greatly enjoy, and if a little thought and care be expended upon choosing pretty-coloured beads which go well together, it is quite easy to make delightful necklaces, besides long chains and bracelets, which make very attractive presents, and also sell splendidly at bazaars.



FIG. 1.

Many of you will possess short strings of lovely real coral beads which you wore when you were babies, and which are now too small to use except as bracelets. Unthread these corals carefully and re-thread them again with two-inch long rows of cut metal silver or gilt beads between each coral bead, and you will have made a necklace long enough to hang half-way to the waist (Fig. 1).

Very pretty bead necklaces can be made bearing little flowerets at short intervals apart (Fig. 2). To

do this, obtain a bunch of tiny "cut garnet" beads in light green crystal, some of yellow porcelain (to form the centres of the flowerets), and some white or pink porcelain beads if it is to be a daisy chain, or blue ones if the flowerets are to be forget-me-nots or speedwells. A tiny gilt clasp or a scrap of baby ribbon to sew at either end of the necklet will also be required.

To make the necklet, sew on one end of the clasp or ribbon and then thread twenty green beads. To make the first flower, thread on one white bead, then a yellow bead for the centre of the flower, then three more white beads, and then



FIG. 2.

pass the needle through the first white bead, drawing the string taut, so that the white beads encircle one half of the yellow one, forming half of the flower; then thread on three more white beads for the remain-

ing half of the floweret, pass the needle through the first of the three white beads which were put on after the yellow one, drawing the thread tight, and the flower is complete. Three flowers may be made close together to touch one another, or the blossoms may be placed singly about an inch apart. When the chain is long enough, sew on the other end of the clasp or ribbon, and the necklet is complete.

The Longest Mile in England.

YOU know that during the Great War in many parts of England and Scotland there used to be camps in which large numbers of German prisoners were confined. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, when we were at war with France, many French prisoners were brought to this country. Some were confined in the great prison on Dartmoor, and some were kept in the castle at Edinburgh.

Some of the French prisoners were drafted to Chesterfield, and as most of them were officers and country gentlemen, the people round about tried in many ways to make these foreigners' enforced stay with us as pleasant as possible. They were allowed to go not more than one mile away from the boundary of the town. And so honourable were these soldiers that they were never known to exceed the distance.

But there was a baronet living near the town of the crooked steeple who would have offered them hospitality, only—and it was a big only—he lived a mile and a half from the borough. What must he do? He would like to ask these Frenchmen to his hall—for he had lordly estates—not once, but often. And he did not like, every time he wished to invite them, to have to appear before the authorities and say, "If you please, Mr. Mayor, may the Frenchmen come to tea?"

No; that would be a great bother. So the hospitable baronet, after thinking the matter over, just lifted up the milestone on which was carved

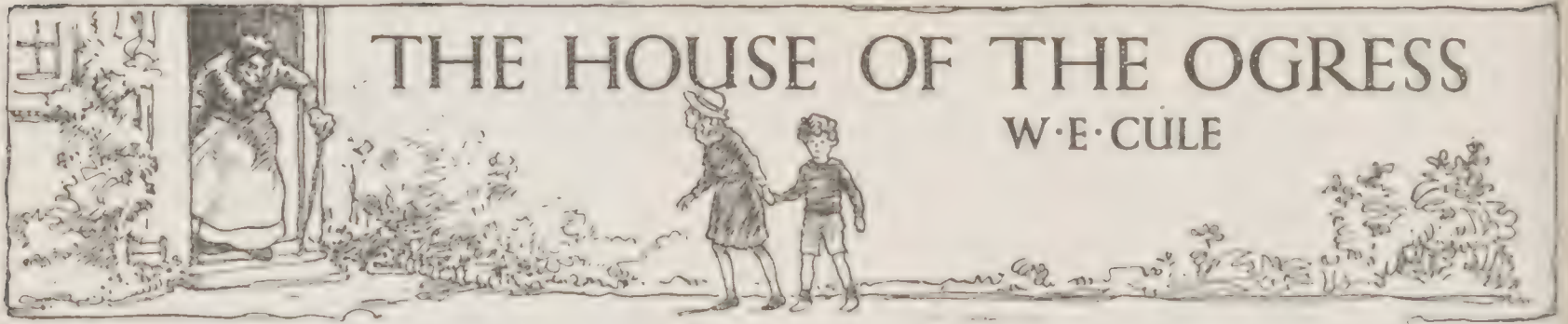
1 Mile to Chesterfield,

and planted it at the farther end of his park. It stood very near the next milestone, which bore the inscription—

2 Miles to Chesterfield.

But the authorities took no heed, as they well knew that Sir Henry's motives were kindly.

Well, the Frenchmen went often, and dined many times at the hall; and when at length they returned to the land of their birth, they must have had very kind remembrances of Sir Henry, and also of "the longest mile in England."



THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS

W·E·CULE

CHAPTER IX.

A DESPERATE ADVENTURE.

IT was a terrible morning. The sun was as bright as it had been yesterday, and there was a delightful breeze from the south, but Avril did not find any pleasure in sun or breeze. Nor could she find pleasure in Sir George the bantam, or her large family of fowls and chicks, or the new ducks, or the talk of the old man who came sometimes to work for Uncle Horace.

He was the first to notice that she was not quite like herself. She was so restless, and had so little interest in anything.

"Do you feel a little homesick to-day?" he asked at last, when she came to watch him work.

"Oh no, thank you," said Avril quickly. "I couldn't be homesick with Aunt Hilda."

"Then perhaps you don't feel very well? Even little girls feel poorly at times."

"It isn't that, Mr. Watkins," said Avril. "I was wondering how it would feel to be eaten."

"Ah! like a chicken," said old Watkins, smiling. "Well, I expect that when it comes to being eaten they don't feel it at all. They're dead, you see."

"So they are," said Avril, brightening a little. "I never thought of that. I think it is much better. I'm so glad you mentioned it."

Even such comfort as that, however, could not do much to improve things, for the grim shadow of the Culver House lay over everything. Of course it must be done now, for she had tried the Duke and he had failed her. In the afternoon, when the Ogress would most likely be gone on her daily journey, she must venture in, and find Boy Harold, and set him free.

If Jack Brown would come in answer to her letter all might be well; but if he did not come,

or if he did come and would not believe (like the Duke and all the other people), then she must do it all herself. Boy Harold should be saved if a little girl could save him.

But supposing the Ogress did not go out that day, or if she came back too soon? . . . Well, it was just then that Avril asked about being eaten.

At dinner-time Aunt Hilda asked one or two questions. She was a little afraid to ask many, because she did not like to set Avril's fancy to work at finding answers. That story yesterday about the Duke had given her such a shock that she would be very careful in future; for, of course, she could not dream that it was a true story.

"What would you like to do this afternoon, my dear?" she asked. "I am making gooseberry jam to-day, or I would go out with you."

"I am going for a little walk, Auntie," said Avril.

"Not to the Park this time?" asked Uncle Horace; for he had heard the story too, though he was not at all timid about it. He only twinkled, as usual.

"No," said Avril, "not to-day. I am going up the Shady Road, Aunt Hilda, if you don't mind."

"In this hot weather it is very nice," said Uncle Horace kindly. "Go where you please Avril, as long as you enjoy yourself. To-morrow your Aunt will be free to go out with you."

Avril hoped that she would be free too, though she did not feel at all sure of it; but of course she could not tell her thoughts to the grown-up people.

She finished her dinner very quickly, and presently went to get her sun-hat and her outdoor overall. It was now nearly two o'clock, and she had told Jack Brown to come to the Culver House by half-past two. Certainly she must be there to meet him.

She was upstairs a little longer than usual

THE HOUSE OF THE OGRESS.

SYNOPSIS.

[AVRIL HAYES went by train with her father to spend a holiday with her Uncle Horace and Aunt Hilda at Mayfield. In the same carriage was a sad-faced little boy and a cruel-looking lady. The boy, Harold, whispered to Avril that his companion was an ogress, and that she was going to kill him. A few days after her arrival at Homelands, her uncle's house, Avril, when taking a walk near Culver House, a lonely, cheerless place, saw Harold's sad face at one of the windows. She inquired of the man who lived there, and he said no boy was living at Culver House. Hearing that the place belonged to the Duke of Berkshire, Avril went to see the Duke, and told him about Harold. He was very kind to her, but said the people at Culver House had been there a year, that they kept a poultry farm, and were good tenants. He assured her there was no ogress there. Avril returned to Homelands anxious and disappointed. She told Aunt Hilda of her visit to the Duke, but her aunt thought Avril was full of fancies. Nothing daunted, Avril wrote a letter to Jack Brown, a soldier friend, and asked him to help her to set Harold free.]

for she had to write a letter. If she never came back it would be a very unkind thing to let everybody wonder and wonder where she was until they had wondered their hair grey. It was impossible to write home, for if she tried to do that her courage would fail, and Harold would never be saved. So she wrote a little note to Aunt Hilda.

DEAR AUNTIE,—
I am gone to the Kulver House to set free the Boy Harold, but if the Ogre-ess catches me I shall certainly be eaten. If that happens please don't cry nor let mamma and papa be sorry. It is a good cause, because it might have been my own brother. But after you have found this, and I am eaten, you will believe, so tell the Duke and take the Kulver House and save Boy Harold if it is not too late.—Your loving
AVRIL.

"It is such a pity," she said to herself, "that grown-up people are so unbelieving," and a stray tear dropped on the envelope as she fastened it. "But if the worst comes to the worst, I hope Boy Harold will be all right anyway."

When she had written the note and fastened it up safely, she placed it under her pillow. If she never came back her Aunt would find it very soon, while if she did come back it wouldn't matter. Then, having done all she could, she set out on her great adventure.

But in the meantime things had been happening to her other letter, the one she had sent to Jack Brown at Rodley Camp. It had reached the camp that morning with many others, and at last had found its way to the long brown hut in which Jack lived. He was not there when it arrived, and did not come in until an hour later, hot and tired after a long spell of steady drill. But when he saw the letter he opened it at once, thinking that it might have come from his mother.

He read it twice, and when he finished it the second time his face was very blank indeed. So he read it a third time, very slowly, and spending great care on the words which were wrongly spelt. Then he looked at his watch, and after that he spent five minutes in very hard thinking. The result was that he got up with a look of great determination on his face, washed himself, brushed his hair and his clothes, and strode away through the great camp with Avril's letter in his hand.

Presently, in another hut, he was standing before an officer who sat at a long table with many papers before him. He was writing busily, but he looked up when Jack saluted.

"Yes, Brown?"

"If you please, sir, may I have two hours' leave this afternoon—from two o'clock till four?"



The officer's brows went up a little. "Why, Brown, you only returned from leave yesterday morning. What is all this? Any bad news?"

"Not exactly, sir. But I've had a very queer letter, and I thought it might be better to look into the matter—if possible."

Then Jack, smiling, showed Avril's letter.

The officer did not smile, but he took it and began to read it. He soon showed that he was puzzled, but he read on until he reached the name at the end; and when he saw the name, there was surprise as well as bewilderment in his face. So he read the letter twice, and then looked up.

"This is written by a little girl," he said. "Tell me all about her."

So Jack told him all he knew about Avril, which was really very little. But the officer took it all in quite gravely, and then asked another question.

"And about this house—the Culver House. Do you know the people who live there?"

"Only a little, sir. Their name is Marley. They haven't been there very long. I don't know anything against them, but the people in the village haven't taken to them very much."

"The house is on the Duke's land, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

Again the officer stopped to think, turning Avril's letter over and over in his hand. Then he said suddenly,—

"Find Lieutenant Preston, and tell him that I wish to see him. I think he will like to look into this himself. He has met this little girl."

"Yes, sir," said Jack, greatly surprised.

Jack was off in a moment, and soon returned with the young man he had been sent for.



Lieutenant Preston went into the hut, while Jack waited outside; and though Jack was careful not to look too often, he could not help seeing that the two officers were talking about Avril's letter. The elder officer read it out to the younger, and then they both looked over it together. Then they began to talk again, sometimes seriously, but more often with smiles.

As he waited he wondered about many things. Chiefly his wonder was about Avril, but he also wondered whether he would be allowed to go to meet her as she had asked. Then again he wondered at the serious way in which his officers had read her letter. Such a quaint, strange little

letter, and yet this captain of his had taken it quite seriously. It was very kind of him, but what did it all mean?

Jack wondered so much because he did not know everything. He was servant to Lieutenant Preston, and took care of his horse for him. He also waited on him very often, and was always at hand when he wanted anything done. He





WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS MAP?

knew his name, and a great deal more about him than we do.

But there was one thing that Jack Brown did not know. He did not know that Lieutenant Preston was the officer whom Avril had met only yesterday when she was on her way to visit the Duke, and who had sent her with the note to Lady Gwendolin!

CHAPTER X.

THE RESCUE OF BOY HAROLD.

AVRIL'S heart beat faster and faster as she passed down the quiet sunny village to the "Red Cow," and so turned into the Shady Road. It was very likely that she would never come back, but nobody had even the faintest idea that anything dreadful was happening.

She met one or two farm men and road-menders, but they only nodded and smiled at her in the most ordinary way in the world. She also met the red-faced postman, who remembered how she had asked him the way to the Duke's home; and he smiled too, though he was not at all good at it. But none of them dreamed that she was going on such an awful errand.

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THIS MAP?

AN inset Map of the British Isles is given with each copy of this issue of the "Children's Paper." It contains more blunders than most maps. Our readers are invited to give a list of those blunders, and prizes will be awarded for the most complete lists. All readers under 16 years of age are eligible for this competition. The competition coupon to be found on page 96 must be attached to each list.

The Way we do in the Navy.

"SOMEWHERE" in Germany there is a quaint old town with a queer little river winding through it. The river flows past high, steep-roofed houses, under tiny arched bridges, and past the walls of trim, old-fashioned gardens with tall poplar trees.

In one of these gardens, in the peaceful years before the war, a little English boy was sitting. His name was Harold Ford. He was living with his aunt in one of the steep-roofed old houses, and he loved



the garden with its gay flower-beds; but most of all he loved the little river.

Harold's father was an officer in the British Navy. Harold was a true "chip of the old block," and all his toys were boats and soldiers and sailors. He too would be a sailor when he grew up, and fight the battles of his country.

He sometimes played with Fritz, a German boy who lived on the other side of the stream. Fritz was a bigger boy than Harold. One day Fritz found Harold playing with a ship which had some toy soldiers lying on its deck.

"Why do they not stand up, those soldiers of yours?" he asked.

"Because they are sick," replied Harold. "They have been wounded, and they are prisoners, and my hospital ship is going to take them home to be nursed."

Just then one of the soldiers fell into the water, and Harold could not reach it from where he stood.

"Quick, quick, Fritz," he cried. "Pick him up, or he will be drowned."

"But I cannot reach him," said Fritz.

"Get a stick, and you will reach him quite easily," was the answer.

But Fritz only laughed. "Oh no," he said. "Let us watch him drown. Only one soldier, and he an enemy—what does it matter?"

Harold's face flushed very red, and he ran into the garden and found a hooked stick. With this he just managed to reach the toy soldier, and after a few minutes he had fished him out and put him back on the hospital ship.

"That is the way we do in the Navy," he said, as he marched off indoors.

Years afterwards a battle was raging in the North Sea between ships of the British and the German navies. The thunder of heavy guns rent the air. Battered and torn by huge shells a great German warship heeled over on her side and sank. A fair-haired German officer, who had been wounded, found himself thrown into the water with many of his men.

Fiercely he struggled to keep himself afloat, but his strength was fast failing him. All at once a small boat stopped beside him, and he was picked up and carried on board a British ship.

When the battle was over, and the wounded had been carefully examined and attended to, the commander of the ship went round with the doctor to visit them and speak a few cheering words. He stopped beside the fair-haired stranger.

"What is your name, and where do you come from?" he asked in German.

"Fritz Faber," he replied, and added the name of that quaint town of which we have spoken.

"Ah!—I remember!" replied the commander. "My name is Harold Ford. We played together by the riverside ever so long ago."

"Yes, yes," answered the German in a low voice. "I remember too. One day there was an hospital ship. It was filled with wounded prisoners. One of your toy men fell overboard. What a rage you were in because I did not try to pick him up. But you—you saved his life!"

"Did I?" said the officer with a smile. "I had forgotten. But that was quite right, Fritz. That is the way we do in the Navy."

Our Competitions.

Rules for Competitors.

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the current number of the paper. The Competition Form will be found on page 96. No answers will be considered unless accompanied by this Competition Form. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor*. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than September 15 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

NEW COMPETITION

BOOKS FOR THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

THE Publishers are anxious not only to hear what Teachers think of the "Children's Paper," but what the children think of it, and in order to learn their opinions we offer prizes for the best essays on "What I like in the 'Children's Paper,' and why I like it; What I don't like in the 'Children's Paper,' and why I don't like it."

Book Prizes will be awarded to the writers of the best Essays, and, in addition, parcels of books suitable for the School Library will be offered to the Schools which enter for this competition.

Full conditions, both as regards pupils and schools, will be announced in the October issue.

Competitions for September.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Competitors *must put their full postal address on each competition, and must put a sufficient amount of stamps on their packets before posting; but are requested NOT TO ENCLOSE stamps for replies, as these can in no case be sent.*

For all Ages up to Sixteen.

ESSAY COMPETITION.

Write an essay, not exceeding 250 words, on "My Ideal Holiday."

Golden Text for September.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.—MATTHEW V. 44.

PORTRAIT COMPETITION.

Guess the names of the people represented here. Write the name in the space at the foot of each portrait. Cut the pictures out in one piece, and forward it to the Editress each month, as long as the competition lasts.

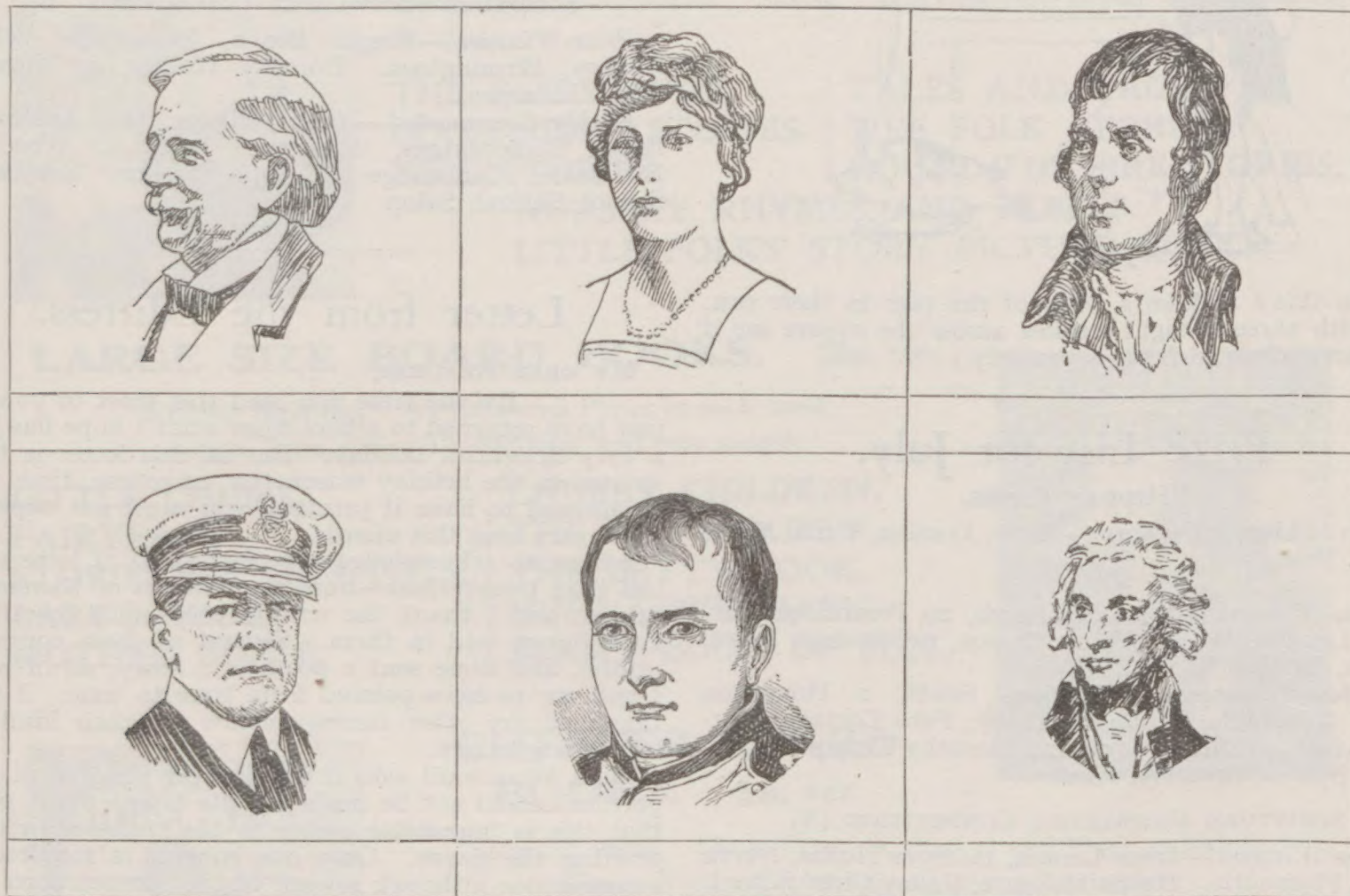
The portraits given in the July number were:— John Knox, Queen Victoria, Charles Dickens, Jacques Cartier, Joan of Arc, Admiral Sturdee.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION.

Make a drawing of the picture on the cover of this magazine, and colour it either with water colours or chalks.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION.

Tell in your own words the story of Paul's voyage to Malta.



ACROSTIC.

* 28 15 46 63 40 54
* 27 5 26 18 52
* 68 8 12 . . 16
* . 45 11 . . 6 47
* 29 22 35 41 . 32
* . 64 48 59 . .
* . 1 . . 7 55
* . 60 65 43 36 30
* 13 39 10 . . 49
* 51 31 61 21 . .
* . 3 67 58 38 .
* . . 33 17 . 57
* 23 53 . . 4
* 24 . 50 . . 66
* . . 56 9 2 .
* . 20 25 . 19 .
* 34 . 37 . . 42
* 62 44 . . 14 .

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To slander. 2. A kind of footstool. 3. Zealous. 4. A harrowing event. 5. Equipment for a horse. 6. Deference. 7. To instruct systematically. 8. Self-conceit. 9. To handcuff. 10. Having the same shape or design. 11. Pertaining to seeds. 12. A place for preparing food. 13. Pertaining to morals. 14. A playhouse. 15. An error in writing or printing. 16. To marry. 17. A stand for public speaking. 18. To be sullen.

When these words have been rightly guessed, the initial letters (indicated by stars) will spell the name of a famous book.

The letters indicated by the figures from 1 to 5 spell the name of the author of the book; and the letters indicated by the figures from 6 to 14, from 15 to 19, from 20 to 26, from 27 to 32, from 33 to 41, from 42 to 47, from 48 to 55, and from 56 to 68 each name a character in the book.

For Children under Twelve only.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE.

John had a piece of paper on which he had correctly worked out his home sum. Unfortunately, however, he left it lying, and his little brother, not knowing what it was, tore a piece of the sheet away, and this is all that was left of his multiplication sum:—

$$\begin{array}{r}
 947 \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \\
 \text{---} \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \\
 \hline
 4736 \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \\
 18947 \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---} \\
 \hline
 5684316 \\
 \hline
 5921162 \quad \text{---} \quad \text{---}
 \end{array}$$

This was the only copy he had of the sum, and he couldn't remember what the figures were. After puzzling over it for a few minutes, however, he discovered he could work out what the missing figures must be. Can you supply the missing numbers?

THE SEVEN PIGS.

An Irishman was shown the sketch given over the page of a square pen containing seven pigs. He was asked how

he would intersect the pen with three straight fences, so as to enclose every pig in a separate sty. How would



you do this? (Make a copy of the pigs in their pen, and with three straight strokes across the square see if you can enclose each pig separately.)

Prize List for July.

HIDDEN CITIES.

(The hidden cities were :—Troy, London, Paris, York, Rome, Pekin.)

Prize-Winners.—Irene Scouloudi, 29 Pembridge Gardens, London, W. 2. Victor Casson, 6 Gilnakirk Road, Knock, Belfast.

Highly Commended.—Barbara Smith, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable; John H. Treby, Fern Cottage, Harbertonford; Edith Colwell and Dorothy Pinyon, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (A).

Prize-Winners.—Irene Lemon, Hotspur House, North Road, Plymouth. Hettie Vallance, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent.

Highly Commended.—Robert S. Lyle, 41 West Street, Horsham, Sussex; Betty Marshall, "Petoe," Dartington, near Totnes; Hugh Stevenson Collier, The Vicarage, Stretton-on-Dunsmore, Rugby; L. Pearson, 6 Richmond Terrace, Moston Lane, Failsworth, Manchester; Mabel Sandler, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; George Cross, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Constance Hodgkiss, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION.

Prize-Winners.—Molly M'Bride, 56 Park Hill Road, E. Croydon. Hermi Yardley, 33 Warren Road, Chingford.

Highly Commended.—Barbara Smith, 2 Houghton Road, Dunstable; Dorothy Melville, James Gillespie's School, Edinburgh; Dorothy Durrant, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Norah C. Kitchin, Green Bank, Pannal, Harrogate; Marie Hammond, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

INTELLIGENCE TESTS.

Prize-Winners.—Henry M. Doig, Kirklee, Whitehill Avenue, Stepps. Dorothy Pinyon, Valley Girls' School, Bromley, Kent.

Highly Commended.—Raymond W. Pearson, "Springholme," Bedale, Yorkshire; Betty Marshall, "Petoe," Dartington, Totnes; Donald Gould, Gartsherrie, Shirley Road, Southampton; Doreen I. Buss, Budgenor Cottage, Midhurst, Sussex; Albert Pooler, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop; Laurence Pearson, 6 Richmond Terrace, Moston Lane, Failsworth, Manchester; Nora Williams, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Vera Haden, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION (B).

Prize-Winners.—Reggie Beach, Blanchville School, Rubery, Birmingham. Dorothy Walker, 97 Nicander Road, Liverpool.

Highly Commended.—John Wilson, 164 Auchinairn Road, Bishopbriggs, Glasgow; Janet C. Woods, 7 Brookside, Cambridge; Joseph Taylor, Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

Letter from the Editress.

MY DEAR READERS,

By the time you read this most of you will just have returned to school from what I hope has been a very delightful holiday. But as this letter is being written in the holiday season (for, of course, time must be allowed to have it printed), you must not expect it to be very long this month.

I have to acknowledge a perfect sheaf of letters—no less than twenty-four—from the scholars of Kemberton School, and I thank the writers very much for all the kind things said in them. Several of them contained riddles, and some sent a poem or a story, all of which I will try to have printed from time to time. I must thank all my other correspondents for their kind and interesting letters.

Dora Woodward asks if the date for sending in competitions could not be made a little later; but I regret that this is impossible owing to the time required for printing the paper. Only one coupon is required by a competitor although several of the competitions may be attempted (see Rule 2).

The competitions received this month were very well done, but no one is entitled to more than one prize. The neat print-writing and arrangement in all the work sent in by the Valleyfield Girls' School calls for special mention this month.

I hope those of my readers who have not yet tried any of the competitions will make a start this session. They will find the New Competition for October specially interesting.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

THE EDITRESS.

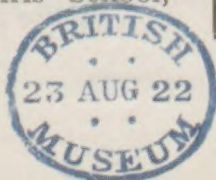
"CHILDREN'S PAPER" COMPETITION FORM. [Sept.]

Name.....

Address.....

..... Age last Birthday.....

Cut this out and attach it to any papers you may send in for Competition.



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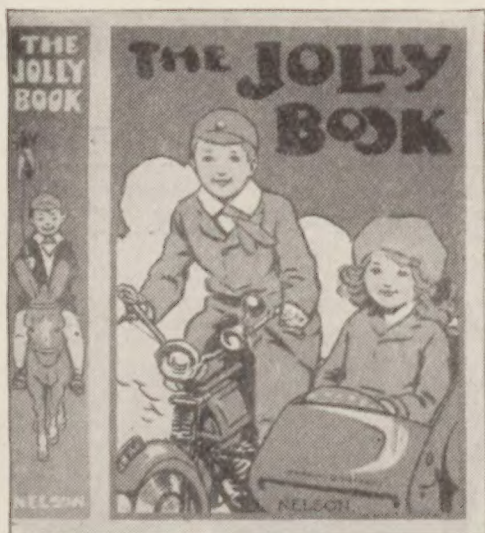
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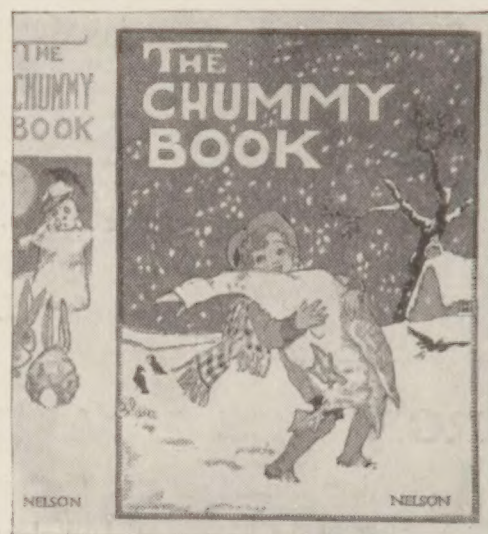
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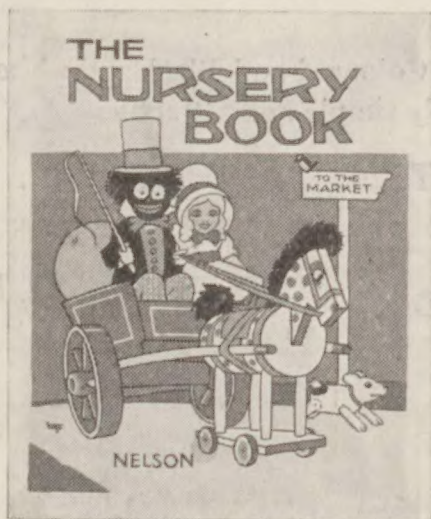
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